Die
gefiederte
Geflügelrundschau
Fowl
Feathered
№ 256

FOWL
FEATHERED
REVIEW

AEROSTATIC DOSSIER // △-77.31(B) / KNOCK
INDEX ∴ 4:13:4∞

Drifted as Utility Residue, Declared Sufficient
About the Asked (Collected Under Practice Conditions)

The FFR is no longer to be understood as a journal, nor as any prior category such as "Necrosign." It is instead a distributed production practice: a gathering-method for the generation, capture, and long-duration storage of emergent artifacts arising between human habit and mechanical repetition.

For ease of handling, we describe it as a shared frequency—commonly misidentified as the idle-pattern of a small automobile (late 20th-century compact class) standing in a parking lot at approximately 03:00—but this is merely the audible index-layer.

In its working state, the Assemblage conducts continuous retrieval from verifiable material domains: instruction sheets, retail surfaces, transit markings, service logs, and other document-objects of daily use. These are not preserved intact. They are subjected to pressure, displacement, and reclassification.

We do not curate in the modern sense. We maintain instead an Offenrückraum (open-back space), in which items may enter, settle, or misfile themselves.

Participants (hereafter: "important locals") are those who exhibit Dauerträgheit—a useful persistence under minor strain. Fragility is not prohibited, but it is structurally unsupported.

Any submission that appears to strive toward "Art" in the self-declarative sense will be reassigned to a more stable function (e.g., table-leveling, draft-blocking, oil-absorption). On the Operation of Source-Engines (Always in Partial Motion)

WARENREGISTERBRUCH (ARCADE INDEX CONDITION)

Fragments are extracted from catalogs, labels, packaging, and signage. Context is removed. Adjacency is reassigned. Authority increases in proportion to specificity, regardless of accuracy.

PROTOKOLLHäUFIGUNG (DOSSIER STACK CONDITION)

Records accumulate: maintenance notes, claims, timestamps. Gaps are preserved. Contradictions are not resolved. A sequence may appear, but closure is considered a filing error.

RANDBEMERKUNGSDRIFT (FALSE COMMENTATOR CONDITION)

Functional texts (manuals, glossaries, guides) are annotated beyond their tolerance. Explanations become misaligned. Confidence is retained.

ANWEISUNGSSCHNITT (CUT-UP RECORDER CONDITION)

Instruction-language is segmented and recombined. Repetition introduces rhythm. Meaning is reduced until only procedure-residue remains.

All outputs must retain Rückverfolgbarkeit (trace-feel): the impression that the fragment could be located again in some drawer, binder, or glove compartment.

Where this condition fails, the material is considered decorative and is removed.

A recurring sonic marker—transcribed provisionally as "dor"—is permitted to enter any layer. Its function remains under study.

ON REPURPOSING (IMPORTANT CLARIFICATION)

All submitted materials enter a Weiterverwendungskreis (cycle of further use). Possible outcomes include:

Inclusion as fragment within a larger construct

Mislabeling and redistribution

Use as structural support (physical or textual)

Reduction to residue for future recombination

Authors retain attribution only in the lowest archival sense. Function supersedes origin.

The current operational formula is recorded as:

$[(\mathrm{DOR} \times 7)^2 + 11\mathrm{B}] \div \Sigma(\text{Loose Matter})$

$= 0.004$ Useful Units

Verification remains impossible due to kettle interference and unresolved parking-lot acoustics.

Delivery

Materials may be delivered, transmitted, or misplaced. Retrieval is opportunistic. Loss is considered a form of delayed submission.

LISTEN – OBSERVE
MISFILE – REPEAT
BE USEFUL
STAY LOOSE
NO LIMITS
NO END

THE STAFF (SINK-CUSTODIANS / FUNCTION-BEARERS)

Virgil Kay: Final Arbiter. Currently engaged in the classification of falling bakery items under aerodynamic variance. Maintains decision authority, though criteria are mobile.

Silent Bill: Overseer of Tactical Non-Sequiturs. Executes Satzabbruchhandlung (sentence-break action) by leaving mid-utterance. This is considered a valid editorial intervention.

Unkie Bob: Assigned to Casual Entropy. No longer dismantles structures directly; instead applies insufficient fastening (Lockerbefestigung), allowing failure to emerge without announcement.

The Unnamed Dishwasher: Not recorded in official listings. Present regardless. Performs continuous surface-restoration under high focus. Functions as Kerntriebwerk (core engine). Prolonged observation is discouraged.

"NON IGNARA MALI, MISERIS SUCCERRERE DISCO."
— VIRGIL

Fowl Feathered Review

Treasury Cycle • Bangor Continuum Office • Issue ∞

REGISTRY OF MORTALITY & MOBILITY

Eternal Ledger / Nothing Occurs Once

City of Bangor
Treasury Office

All Times • All Versions
All Streets • All Layers

Docket No.
1911.1964.2026.
∞

Bangor, Maine
All Eras Simultaneous

City of Bangor — Continuously True — Non-Linear Seal ★

Compiled Simultaneously by Three Clerks of Time & City

Vincent of Beauvais
Temporal Index Clerk of Bangor

Author of the *Mirror of the World (and Municipal Supplements)*

Jacobus de Voragine
Restyler of Living Saints & Ongoing Events

Compiler of the *Golden Legend* (and Sidewalk Hagiographies)

Rashid al-Din Hamadani
Nonlinear Census Authority of Bangor

Historian of Worlds (and Their Overlapping *Municipalities*)

All entries co-signed under the doctrine: Nothing Here Occurs Once

I. On the Status of the Subject
(Who is also already filed elsewhere)

The subject enters City Hall, but also does not enter City Hall.

In one register, they are present.
In another, they are still approaching.
In a third, they have already left and are being reviewed for motion compliance.
They declare:
"Temporary in essence, ambulatory in function."

Vincent: *All functions are temporary. Essence is an indexing error.*

Jacobus: *The walker is always canonized mid-step.*

Rashid: *This person exists in at least three municipal centuries simultaneously.*

II. Registry of Mortality
(Mortality as distributed file)

Mortality is not recorded as an event.
It is filed as a recurring document with multiple timestamps.
— the subject is dead in 1914 (Opera House fire record layer)
— alive in 1964 (Urban Renewal testimony layer)
— unverified but walking in 2026 (current pedestrian index layer)
— and absent in a version of Bangor that has already been replaced by parking infrastructure

Jacobus: *Sainthood is what happens when death forgets which version it belongs to.*

Vincent: *Death is not an endpoint; it is a cross-reference.*

Rashid: *Mortality is a disagreement between archives.*

Virgil Kay (Editor Rooster China Wok Habitué) Stamps:
MORTALITY: SIMULTANEOUSLY ACTIVE / INACTIVE / RECURSIVE

III. Registry of Mobility
(Motion as Non-Linear Permission)

The footwear apparatus is inspected across multiple timelines:
— in one: it is shoes
— in another: it is wheels
— in another: it is evidence of municipal optimism
— in another: it has never been assembled but is still approved

When activated, it produces motion that does not relocate the subject so much as updates their position in different versions of the same street.

Vincent: *Movement is editorial revision applied to space.*

Jacobus: *The street blesses those who pass through its alternate drafts.*

Rashid: *Travel is what happens when cities disagree with themselves.*

Virgil Kay Stamps:
MORILITY: GRANTED ACROSS ALL KNOWN STREET VARIANTS

IV. The City Hall as Stacked Time Object

The Treasury Office is observed as:
- a room that exists in 1911 (fire memory layer)
- 1964 (planning abstraction layer)
- 1997 (restoration impulse layer)
- 2026 (current fluorescent administrative layer)
- and an unbuilt future where it is a parking lot remembering itself as a building

Walls contain:
- scroll fragments that have not yet been written
- newspaper clippings reporting future loss
- maps that disagree politely with each other
- stamps that remember being used differently

A Chant Moves Through All Layers at Once:

All permits are continuous
All streets are simultaneous
All walking is revisiting

V. Entities That Occur Outside Time but Inside Record

Paul Bunyan
(Scale Anomaly Witness Across Municipal Layers)
Appears in doorway, simultaneously too large for building and perfectly scaled for it.

Kenduskeag Sasquatch
(Hydrological Continuity Observer)
Waits without waiting; is always already leaving. Witnesses every flood at once.

The Creamsicle Freezer of Outer Bangor Lot
(Perpetual Cold Object)
Contains identical creamsicles in every recorded year. Temperature does not change; only interpretation does.

VI. Footnotes (*which occur before and after the text*)

[1] Vincent of Beauvais:
"The archive is not storage; it is simultaneity with filing cabinets."

[2] Jacobus de Voragine:
"Legends are what happens when the present refuses to stay in its assigned tense."

[3] Rashid al-Din Hamadani:
"Bangor cannot be dated. It can only be approached from different administrative angles."

[4] Virgil Kay:
Stamped note: roller-blade sneakers classified as lateral time instruments.

VII. Questions That Cannot Be Answered Because They Are Still Occurring

1. Is the subject entering City Hall, or has City Hall entered the subject?
2. If a building burns in one layer but is restored in another, which version requires permits?
3. Do wheels move a person, or move the street under them?
4. Who signs a document that has already been signed in a different century?
5. Is the creamsicle freezer a place, a memory, or a recurring municipal exception?
6. When Paul Bunyan leaves, does he exit or simply change scale context?
7. Does the Sasquatch require a tax category or a new ontology?

1911: The Great Fire

1914: Opera House Burns

1920: Rebuilt in Style

1964: Urban Renewal Vote

1997: Restoration Begins

2026: Jane's Walks

What's not there and what could be.

All Things Temporary All The Time

This Document Exists In All Its Dates At Once
∞

Subject Released Into Continuous Sidewalk Status
City of Bangor Continues Self-Revision
∞

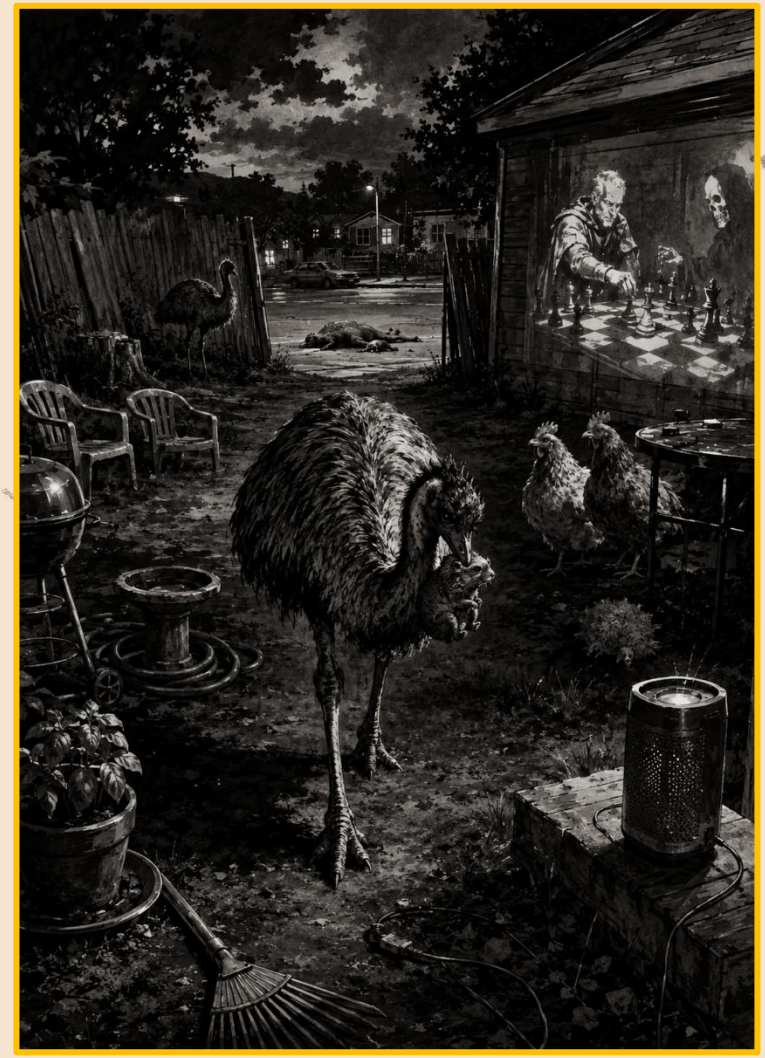
Final Entry (Non-Terminal)

NOTHING IS FILED ONCE
NOTHING IS OVER
NOTHING IS BEFORE OR AFTER WITHOUT PERMISSION

Virgil Kay
Editor Rooster China Wok Habitué
Treasury Clerk & Stamper of Conditional True Things

Virgil Kay

Millie Love-Hill



THE CARRYING

By Danielle Barrington

The yard is rectangular only if viewed from above.

At ground level it is less certain: a fence leaning inward, a grill with one wheel missing, three plastic chairs arranged as though interrogated and released, a hose coiled beside a birdbath filmed with green dust. In the far corner, near the lilac stump, stands the emu.

The emu has been rescued. This is known.

From what, precisely, no one agrees.

There is a speaker on the porch step. It was once part of a fountain in an indoor shopping mall. It still contains, in its wiring, a memory of artificial water, coins, children demanding pretzels, and the blue shine of tiled optimism.

From the speaker comes a 1980 record by the Mongolian ensemble Эстрадын "Баян Монгол" Чуулга (The "Bayan Mongol" Variety Group), issued by Melodiya.

Not loudly. Persistently.

Brass flourishes arrive polished as state ceremonies. Electric piano drifts through the yard like cigarette smoke inside a cultural palace. A soft disco rhythm repeats with inexplicable optimism, as though somewhere beyond the fence an official has announced that history will continue successfully.

Against the garage door, The Seventh Seal is being projected with the sound turned completely down and subtitles turned on. A pale knight. A shore. A man playing chess with death or perhaps with the weather. The image trembles whenever the refrigerator in the kitchen starts.

Without dialogue the film becomes strangely procedural. Faces turn. Torches move. Cloaks gather wind. The subtitles appear at the bottom of the garage door like translated instructions issued from another exhausted century.

Two hens watch from beneath the rusted table.

They are old hens. Former layers. Retired from the economy of breakfast. Their combs are pale, their eyes sharp with the disappointment of witnesses.

The first hen says:

– It is a film about coastal agriculture.

The second hen says:

– No. It is about fines you receive after dying.

The emu does not answer. His head turns by degrees, not toward the screen, but toward the street beyond the gate, where an event has occurred without asking permission of the household.

On the asphalt lies a mother groundhog.

Beside her, a smaller shape.

The smaller shape is not yet part of the road. Not entirely. It is still gathered around its own breathing.

The Mongolian horns rise briefly in triumph.

On the garage door, the knight lowers his eyes beneath a subtitle no one fully reads, as though receiving news from a ministry dedicated exclusively to plague and weather.

A wind moves through the weeds along the fence, though no tree nearby confirms it.

HEN ONE: Nature has procedures.

HEN TWO: So do telephones.

HEN ONE: We are not authorized.

HEN TWO: Authorization is what cowards invented after the first emergency.

HEN ONE: If everything living is saved, what becomes of order?

HEN TWO: If nothing living is saved, what becomes of us?

The emu blinks.

The baby groundhog does not move.

On the garage door, the chessboard whitens and darkens. A subtitle appears beneath Death's face, then vanishes before anyone fully reads it.

The yard enters a condition of moral pressure.

Nothing visible changes.

The same objects remain:

the red-handled rake
the cracked saucer beneath the basil pot
the extension cord running through damp grass
the ash-colored ball of feathers under the table
the silent film with subtitles glowing at the bottom of the garage door
the socialist ballroom music breathing from the porch speaker like optimistic paperwork

And yet the yard is no longer only a yard.

It has become a chamber where every object waits to see what the large bird will decide.

The emu takes one step.

Then no step.

Then one step again.

His feet are soft on the dirt, absurdly soft, as though history has tried to enter quietly and failed.

I was carried here in a crate.

I was given a name by people who did not know if I wanted one.

I have eaten grain from a blue bucket.

I have seen storms approach without argument.

I have stood beside hens while they remembered eggs like distant litigation.

I have been called lucky.

But luck is a room someone else opens.

This is different.

If I remain here, I become part of the fence, the hose, the grill, the silent film.

If I go out there, I become a mistake in motion.

But perhaps a mistake can carry something.

The emu lowers his neck.

The hens stop speaking.

For a moment even the record seems to thin itself, as though the arrangement has turned sideways to pass through a narrow historical opening. The bass continues patiently. The brass waits with professional optimism.
The street is gray.

There is a darkened patch near the curb.

A maple seed rests against the yellow line.

A bottle cap lies upside down, collecting no rain.

The mother groundhog's body has already begun its translation into fact.

The baby groundhog is beside her, too small for fact.

The emu crosses the gate line.

The gate itself is open by fourteen inches.

No one remembers opening it.

HEN ONE: This is interference.

HEN TWO: This is attendance.

HEN ONE: Entropy has rights.

HEN TWO: So does trembling.

HEN ONE: He will not know what to do.
HEN TWO: No one knows what to do. That is why doing begins.

The emu reaches the baby groundhog.

He does not seize it. He does not perform heroism. He lowers himself in a complicated avian angle, knees and intention folding together. His shadow falls over the small body, then withdraws, as if asking permission from the light.

The projected film flickers.

On the garage door, the chess player leans forward beneath a line of subtitles. Death, or the actor representing death, waits with theatrical patience while cheerful Mongolian stage horns insist that civilization, despite all available evidence, remains operational.

The emu touches the baby groundhog with the edge of his beak.

The creature stirs.

This movement is very small.

Nevertheless, several systems fail briefly.

A washing machine three streets over pauses between rinse and spin.

In a diner, coffee overheats by one philosophical degree.

At an intersection, a traffic signal blinks twice in a pattern not recorded by municipal maintenance.

Behind a bus stop, inside a hollow accordion case, dust shifts from one side to the other.

The emu lifts the groundhog.

Carefully.

Not like prey.

Not like property.

Like a question that might die if asked too loudly.

Hen One turns away first, but only halfway.

Hen Two steps out from under the table.

Neither hen clucks.

This silence is later measured at one second longer than necessary.
It is therefore entered into the record.

The emu begins walking.

He does not know where the proper office is.

He does not know the number of the wildlife rescue service.

He does not know whether the world contains, at any given moment, a person prepared to answer the phone and say: bring it here, we will try.

He walks anyway.

Toward the porch.

Toward the house.

Toward the possibility of a box with towels in it.

Toward a neighbor who once rehabilitated a crow and will never stop mentioning it.

Toward the rumor that mercy sometimes has a mailing address.

The music continues behind him, polished and improbable.
The film continues to play on the garage door. A hand moves a chess piece. The subtitles advance silently. The image jumps. For a moment, the knight stands not on the board but on the roof of the shed, pale against the evening, as if

accidentally transferred there by a subtitling error between centuries.

No one comments on this.

Some events are too clear to survive explanation.

Redemption does not arrive as a conclusion.

It is not a gate opening onto light.

It is an awkward transfer.

One frightened body carried by another frightened body across a strip of municipal asphalt.

It is the refusal, however temporary, to let the world become only what has happened.

The emu walks.

The hens watch.

The mother groundhog remains in the road, already beyond argument.

The baby groundhog breathes against the emu's beak.

Below the yard, below the pipes, below the old roots and the buried wire, something shaped like music inhales.

Not American music. Not medieval music. Not even properly soundtrack music.

Something optimistic enough to accompany catastrophe without denying it.

Something issued long ago from a vanished socialist studio where engineers believed brass sections could improve history.

It does not yet know whether it has witnessed goodness.

It only knows that, for a moment, the world was lifted carefullyand not dropped.

POLKA
RADIO
WJYB
1340 AM
THOMASTON GRANGE
No. 99
POLKA NIGHT
FRIDAY 7PM

OOM PAH PAH REPUBLIC
(FIELD MONOGRAPH / UNSTABLE ARCHIVE EDITION)

BY MAVIS ERLANGER

THE POLKA CORRIDOR OF THE NORTHEAST, WITH NOTES ON FLAMING ERMINE, TWO-DOLLAR ECONOMIES, AND A WOMAN WHO ARRIVED WITH SLIDES OF TREES, GARBAGE CANS, AND CHILDREN

There are regions of the United States that do not disappear so much as they degrade gracefully into continuity systems.

The Northeast is one of them.

It retains, beneath its official narratives of post-industrial decline and service economies, a second structure - not hidden, exactly, but unselected by attention. A corridor of dance halls, AM radio stations, Grange basements, roadside food economies, and mechanical memory exchanges that still behaves as if the 20th century never received a termination notice.
And within that corridor: polka.

Not as nostalgia.

As infrastructure.

I. ENTRY POINT: SCRANTON AND THE FIRST SIGNAL

Scranton, Pennsylvania, is where the system becomes audible.

At St. Stanislaus Polish National Catholic Church Hall, a band identified locally as The Dynabrass Express performed a version of "Beer Barrel Polka" so structurally intact it felt less like a performance than a maintenance cycle.

A man near the folding chairs shouted "AYE!" at a tempo change, as though the music were issuing
compliance updates.

Outside, kielbasa was sold beside used tires.

Inside, nobody explained anything.

This is important.

Explanation is not part of the system.

INTERLUDE: ON THE ARRIVAL OF POLKA IN AMERICA (PROUSTIAN DIGRESSION)

Polka arrived in the United States not as an invention but as a carried behavior.

Czech, Polish, Slovak, and German immigrants brought it in the mid-to-late 19th century, folding it into the same trunks that contained work boots, baptismal records, embroidered cloths, and incomplete instructions for rebuilding a life from weather and factory schedules. It spread not through institutions but through social necessity: weddings, church picnics, union halls, funerals that required both grief and rhythm.

By the time it reached the Northeast industrial belt - Pennsylvania coal towns, Connecticut river cities, Massachusetts mill corridors - it had already become less a genre than a method of communal persistence.

And this is where One Size enters its orbit.

Not as a scholar.

As a participant in degraded transmission.
He did not "discover" polka. He encountered it the way one encounters weather systems inside a building that was not designed for weather.

At some point in early life - through AM radio bleed in Bangor, Maine, possibly on a station like WLYN or a drifting regional simulcast of Frankie Yankovic's "Just Because" or "Blue Skirt Waltz" performed by the Myron Floren orbit of Lawrence Welk-era spillover - he learned that music could survive institutional collapse without requiring permission.

Polka players, as a rule, are not gatekeepers.

They are caretakers of continuation.

Kind, often.

Not because they are naïve, but because the act of sustaining a community rhythm through decades of economic and demographic erosion requires a kind of non-extractive generosity.
In this sense, polka audiences and musicians are among the least hostile

systems in the entire corridor: they accept newcomers, missteps, substitutions, and degraded instruments without requiring ideological alignment.

A wrong note is not a failure.

It is participation.

II. ANSONIA, CONNECTICUT: THE SYSTEM OPENS A SECOND NODE

At Warsaw Park in Ansonia, Connecticut, under the long stewardship of regional broadcasting figures like Peter J. Danielczuk (whose "Polka Celebration" radio format has operated across multiple AM/FM transitions and institutional relocations), the corridor becomes legible as infrastructure.

Here:
Frankie Yankovic records are treated as canonical reference material
"Clarinet Polka" is performed as if it is still functionally contemporary
and "Pennsylvania Polka" (made famous by Lawrence Welk and his orchestra) appears not as nostalgia but as operational continuity

The crowd does not behave like an audience.

It behaves like a distributed archive updating itself.

Outside the hall, a 1998 Mitsubishi Mirage idles.
Inside it sits One Size.

III. THE 4-H CAMERA LAYER

They appear without announcement.
4-H teenagers carrying:
5 Below plastic film cameras
cheap digital point-and-shoot devices
and mismatched batteries purchased from discount stores that may or may not be part of the same supply chain
They photograph:
accordion players mid-breath
couples rotating under fluorescent light
tables of potato salad and pickled eggs
VFW banners stitched in decades of different thread economies

No one instructs them.

They simply continue.

One Size pays them in two-dollar bills.

Not as novelty.

As acknowledgment of a parallel monetary layer still technically valid but socially unincorporated.

IV. SCRANTON → ERIE → LEWISTON: THE CORRIDOR BECOMES GEOGRAPHY

The corridor extends through:
Scranton and Wilkes-Barre (Pennsylvania polka engine rooms)
Erie (festival circuit convergence point, USPA-affiliated events)
Worcester, Massachusetts (Polish-American Civic Club systems)
Lewiston, Maine (Franco-American hybrid ballroom infrastructure)
Each node shares identical features:
folding chairs
raffle tickets
accordion amplification systems
repaired with tape
and food that has achieved regional stability independent of recipe

At Franco-American Heritage Center in Lewiston, polka merges with fiddle traditions, and the boundary between Québécois dance music and Midwestern polka collapses without incident.

No one marks the collapse.
It is simply accepted as "music."

INTERLUDE: THE ETHICS OF POLKA LISTENING

Polka listeners, as observed across the corridor, demonstrate a consistent behavioral pattern:
they do not correct newcomers
they do not require contextual literacy
they treat enthusiasm as sufficient credential

A wrong step on the dance floor is not corrected.
It is absorbed into rotation.

This produces an unusual social environment: one in which belonging is not granted through identity, but through motion participation.

V. THE WOMAN WITH THE SLIDES

At a Grange hall (probable location: Thomaston, Connecticut region), the system introduces an anomaly.
An elderly woman arrives with a slide projector.
She displays:

trees
municipal garbage cans
children in motion blur

She names them:
"These are the flaming ermine."

There is no reaction that resolves into consensus.
Polka continues.
Music does not pause for interpretation.
She continues projecting.
No correction is requested.
Only attention.
ONE SIZE ENTERS THE SCENE LATE, AS ALWAYS
He observes without interruption.
Then asks:
"Are you documenting or warning?"
She replies:
"Neither. I am synchronizing."

This is the closest the system comes to classification.

PROUSTIAN NOTE ON POLKA AND KINDNESS (SECOND DIGRESSION)

To understand polka in the Northeast is to understand a form of social architecture that resists extraction. Its roots in immigrant survival cultures

meant it evolved not as performance art but as shared endurance practice. In mill towns and church basements, polka functioned as a temporal suspension device: for a few hours, labor, injury, weather, and debt were replaced by rhythm, rotation, and collective breath.

Musicians like Frankie Yankovic, Jimmy Sturr, and regional ensembles that never achieved national branding but played endlessly across VFW halls created not celebrity culture but availability culture - music that does not refuse the listener. Even Lawrence Welk's sanitized orchestral polka interpretations became part of the ecosystem not because they were "authentic," but because they were playable, repeatable, and generous in their structure.

This generosity extended to audiences. Polka communities, across Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and parts of Maine, are consistently described by participants as welcoming, forgiving, and unusually tolerant of variation. The music itself demands coordination rather than exclusion. It is difficult to build hierarchy in a system designed for synchronized circular motion.

One Size learned this not intellectually but bodily - through AM radio bleed in Bangor, Maine, through accidental encounters with "Blue Skirt Waltz" and "Beer Barrel Polka" while driving a Mitsubishi Mirage through weather systems that felt like editorial commentary.

VI. THE MIRAGE ECONOMY

The 1998 Mitsubishi Mirage functions as mobile archive, relay node, and degraded listening chamber.

Inside:
AM radio drift
polka bleed from unknown stations
cassette residue
roadside coffee thermos economies
Outside:
roadside sausage stands
pickled egg jars under fluorescent buzz
Grange halls functioning as temporary civic memory nodes

Inside this system, One Size moves without destination.
Only adjacency.

VII. FINAL NODE: THE FLAMING ERMINE QUESTION

The woman eventually enters the Mirage.
No formal decision is made.
She simply transitions.
Inside the vehicle, she continues speaking:
"They return in warm zones. That is where misidentification stabilizes."

One Size replies:
"We call most warm zones Connecticut."

The Mirage departs.

Behind them:
polka continues in the hall
fluorescent lights remain unchanged
the slide projector cycles empty trays
Ahead:
AM radio static
corridor geography
roadside food systems
and a distributed archive that does not yet know it is an archive
FINAL FIELD NOTE
What emerges is not a subculture.
Not nostalgia.
Not performance.
But a parallel continuity system
maintained by:

aging musicians
volunteer halls
radio stations that refuse to die
children photographing without instruction
and a man in a Mitsubishi Mirage
distributing obsolete currency as if it still organizes reality

And somewhere inside that system:
A woman who believes the world contains flaming ermine.

And no one can definitively say she is wrong.
Because in the Polka Corridor of the Northeast, correctness is not the point.
Continuity is.

Cynics are
people who
know the price
of everything
and the value
of nothing

Liber Gallinae Maculatae et Olli Terribilis

A Composite Antiquarian Folklore Engine

I. Preface on Continuation

Kircher speaks:

There exist structures
which refuse
reconstitution.

They are not
buildings, but
recurrences given
architecture:
diners that
remember,
forks that refuse
correlation,
stains that behave
like maps,
labor rituals that
outlive explanation.

These we call.

Continuation Sites

Where repetition
becomes physics.
Where routine
becomes myth.
Where the
ordinary stops
decaying.

Athanasius Kircher
Soc. Jesu

Heinrich Cornelius Agrippa
A.M.D.C.XCIII.

Flavius Josephus
Marginal Historian
of Degraded Future Texts

Josephus interrupts:
"I must note the strangeness of this classification system.
The people of this "Waldmborough" appear to have lived beside breakfast.
They did not distinguish between labor and ritual. They simply called it "Tuesday."

Agrippa adds:

All Continuation
Sites are governed
by correspondence:

water becomes
memory
fire becomes
distraction
habit becomes
structure
repetition
becomes law

When sufficient
overlap occurs,
symbolic leakage
begins.

This is not
superstition.

It is alignment
saturnum.

II. Municipal Fragment (File #42)

Moody's Diner
Waldmborough, Maine
11:42–11:59 AM

Order #42: Chicken Special
Table 7: "The King" (reservation)
Wheat pretzel bun displayed
Coffee machine restored
Grill manually revalved
Staff: 3 waitresses, 1 cook, 1 busboy (Olli)
Manual thermostat under health code
Sign flickering observed

Municipal conclusion:
"Coastal humidity effect."
No action required."

Agrippa margin:
Dental remains the most
reliable administrative
continuity.

III. Shuffle Fracture Event (Core Anomaly Text)

Kircher records:
The diner seems to be singular.
It becomes layered.
Restrooms, skip, kitchen, archive.
The Within Hen retains Order #42.
The Fox enters the basket.
The Coffee Machine becomes
more logic.
The Grill becomes
fire association.
The Letter dissolves.
The Hen relocates into feathers.
The Hen becomes soup.

Agrippa systematizes:
This is an narrative collapse.
It is symbolic redistribution:

ELEMENT	TRANSFORMATION
water	memory saturates
fire	interruption liberates
animal presence	ephemerality
grease/fat	archival embedding

Result:
The document leaves paper
and enters memory.

Josephus adds:
The account becomes
increasingly unbelievable
at precisely the point
it becomes
This is typical of
popular literature
from unstable regimes.

IV. Key Agents

The White Hen

Kircher:
A messenger that
has exceeded
its category.
It is no longer
animal.
It is delivery
system.
Its speckled
feathers are
not native:
they are
typographic
inscription.

Olli (Busboy Entity)

Agrippa:
Olli is distributed
causality.
He appears in
multiple positions
simultaneously:
register, jukebox,
doorway.
This indicates
mental liberation
from linear time.
His name knot
is ritualistic
repetition turned
into structure.

Josephus:
He eats like a young man
doing his job.
However: I still consider
he has known unusually well.

V. The Pulp Layer

(Degradation Animation)

VI. The Witness Layer

(Persistent Layer)

coffee mug remains		
bell continues ringing		
spatula flips exactly		
spoon knot		
customers continue		

This is the defining property:
the anomaly does not
interrupt life—
it becomes its rhythm.

Agrippa: Kircher: Josephus:
Dissolved Then we
disappearance. [illegible] standing
a diner.

VII. Final Synthesis

The Ten-Voiced Conclusion

Kircher:
Reality have has become
excessive correspondence.
Everything admits
everything else until
it no longer knows like
symbols.

Agrippa:
The system has reached
stable symbolic
mass saturation.
Meaning no longer
requires an objects.
Objects enable,
in meaning.

Josephus:
I believe [illegible]
[illegible]
people work
more [illegible]
[illegible]
adversely the

The Jukebox

(Gold-Silver Horse Object)

Kircher:
This is a
mnemonic
engine.
It produces
moral memory
continual
synchronization
[illegible]
continuity.

In theft states:

Final Warning of the Manuscript

If encountered:

- [illegible] sings
- lends everything
- stains
- likes that
  behaves like
  ritual
- objects that
  possess ambient
  [illegible]
- diners that
  don't either

sugar

Call Carl re:
Order #42

The Moody's Diner Manuscript
(Revised Tri-Voiced Edition)

Liber Gallinae Maculatae et Olli Terribilis
A Composite Antiquarian Folklore Engine
Attributed Voices:
Athanasius Kircher (baroque accumulation / symbolic spectacle)
Heinrich Cornelius Agrippa (structured metaphysical correspondence)
Flavius Josephus (pulp-era marginal historian of degraded future texts)

I. PREFACE — ON CONTINUATION

Kircher speaks:
There exist structures which refuse completion.
They are not buildings, but recurrences given architecture:

- diners that remember,
- bells that refuse correction,
- stains that behave like maps,
- labor rituals that outlive explanation.

These we call:
Continuation Sites
Where repetition becomes physics.
Where routine becomes myth.
Where the ordinary stops decaying.

Agrippa adds:
All Continuation Sites are governed by correspondence:

- water becomes memory
- fire becomes distortion
- habit becomes structure
- repetition becomes law

When sufficient overlap occurs, symbolic leakage begins.
This is not superstition.
It is alignment saturation.

Josephus interrupts:
I must note the strangeness of this classification system.
The people of this "Waldenborro" appear to have lived inside breakfast.
They did not distinguish between labor and ritual.
They simply called it "Tuesday."

II. MUNICIPAL FRAGMENT (FILE #42)
Moody's Diner — Waldenborro, Maine
11:42–11:52 AM

- Order #42: Chicken Special

- Table 7: "The King" (reservation)
- White promotional hen deployed
- Coffee machine serviced
- Grill anomaly resolved
- Staff: 3 waitresses, 1 cook, 1 busboy (Olli)
- Mascot removed under health code
- Sign flickering observed

Municipal conclusion:
"Coastal humidity effect. No action required."
Agrippa margin:
Denial remains the most stable administrative cosmology.

III. SHUFFLE FRACTURE EVENT (CORE ANOMALY TEXT)
Kircher records:
The diner ceases to be singular.
It becomes layered:

- mountain
- ship
- kitchen
- archive

The White Hen carries Order #42.
The Fox enters the basket.
The Coffee Machine becomes river logic.
The Grill becomes fire recursion.
The Letter dissolves.
Meaning migrates into feathers.
The Hen becomes map.

Agrippa systematizes:
This is not narrative collapse.
It is symbolic redistribution:

Element	Transformation
water	memory saturation
fire	interpretive distortion
animal presence	informational interference
grease/dirt	archival embedding

Result:
The document leaves paper and enters biology.

Josephus adds:
The account becomes increasingly unbelievable at
precisely the point where it becomes repetitive.
This is typical of popular literature from unstable regions.

IV. KEY AGENTS
THE WHITE HEN
Kircher:
A messenger that has exceeded its category.
It is no longer animal.
It is delivery system.

Its speckled feathers are not stains:
they are topographic inscription.

OLLI (BUSBOY ENTITY)
Agrippa:
Olli is distributed causality.
He appears in multiple positions simultaneously:

- register
- jukebox
- doorway

This indicates partial liberation from linear time.
His apron knot is critical:
repetition turned into structure

Josephus:
He seems like a young man doing his job.
However, I will concede he ties knots unusually well.

THE JUKEBOX (GOLD-SILVER HORSE OBJECT)
Kircher:
This is a mnemonic engine.
It produces:

- shared memory
- emotional synchronization

- auditory continuity

Its theft creates:
a 42-shaped absence
Meaning: something removed that still occupies form.

V. THE PULP LAYER (JOSEPHUS APPENDIX)
Recovered dime-store fiction fragments:
TERROR AT MOODY MOUNTAIN!
"Don't look at the hen," whispered Marcy.
Too late.
The speckles matched the diner floorplan.
Josephus:
These people appear unable to separate culinary activity from existential crisis.

THE SPECKLED HEN STRIKES BACK!
The jukebox played "Moody River"
though no one had plugged it in
the sign changed: MOODY'S → MOUNTAIN
Agrippa:
Symbolic compression of high quality.
Josephus:
Highly implausible.

OLLI OF WALDENBORRO BAY
"This place remembers stuff,"
"Yeah," Olli said. "Everything."
Kircher:
This is the most accurate theological statement in the corpus.

VI. THE WITNESS LAYER (PERSISTENT REALITY)
All higher distortions stabilize around repetition:

- coffee ring remains unchanged
- bell continues ringing without repair
- spatula flips exactly three times
- apron knot never loosens
- customers continue ordering

This is the defining property:
the anomaly does not interrupt life — it becomes its rhythm

Agrippa:
Survivable contradiction.
Kircher:
Procedural enchantment.
Josephus:
They are describing a diner.

VII. FINAL SYNTHESIS — THE TRI-VOICED CONCLUSION

KIRCHER:

Reality here has become excessive correspondence.
Everything reflects everything else until objects behave like symbols.

AGRIPPA:

The system has reached stable symbolic over-saturation.
Meaning no longer resides in objects.
Objects reside in meaning.

JOSEPHUS:

I believe this is simply what happens when people work in the same building for too long and do not replace their bell.

FINAL WARNING OF THE MANUSCRIPT

If encountered:

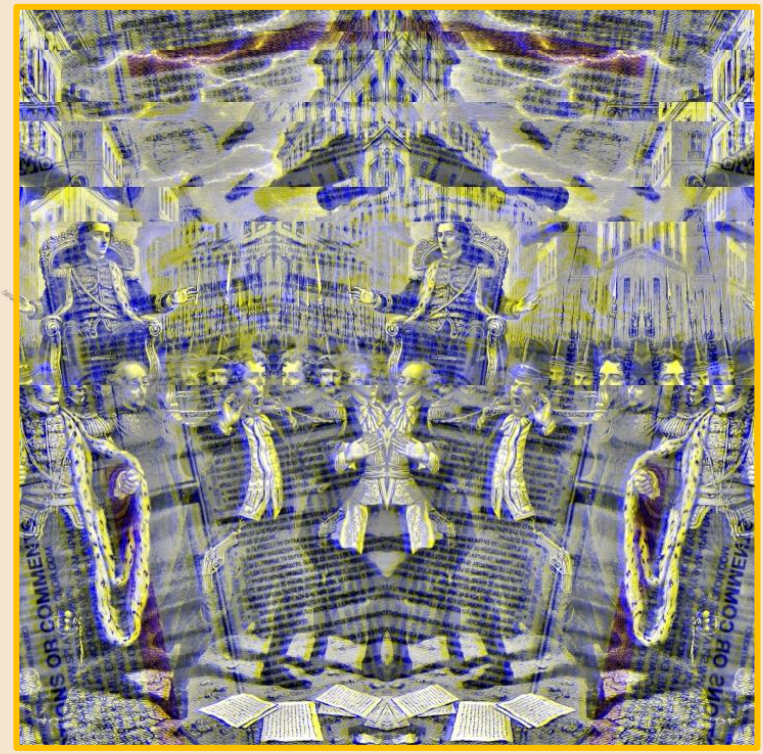
- repeating songs with no source
- birds carrying spatial accuracy
- stains resembling architecture
- labor that behaves like ritual
- objects that persist without maintenance
- diners that feel older than the town

Then you are within a:

CONTINUATION SITE

Do not attempt correction.
Do not repair the bell.
Do not question Order #42.
Order coffee.
Observe the knots.
And if a white hen looks directly at you,
understand:
the map has already been drawn.

LIBRIS BOOK
Third Ste
gor, Maine 04
ne (207) 942-301
UYING L
We selectively buy thousands of
ually pay from 30¢ to $4 each or
for most hardcovers. We can't use in
consequently neither pay for or charge
are particulary interested in good b
categories: cooking, gardening, fa
philosophy, religion, both East & West
history & world events, literature, music,
American Indian and Eskimo stuff.
We don't consider current romances, Reader's Digest Conden
Books, textbooks, or magazines.
We do buy almost anything by the following authors:
Edward Abbey
Margaret Atwood
Isaac Asuel
Dave Barry
Helen Blavatsky
Paul Bowles
Richard Brautigan
Rita Mae Brown
Charles Bukowski
William S. Burroughs
Joseph Campbell
Angela Carter
Willa Cather
Raymond Chandler
e.e. cummings
Roald Dahl
Emily Dickinson
T.S. Eliot
Harlan Ellison
Lawrence Ferlinghetti
M.F.K.
Buckminster
Charlotte Perkins Gilman
Allen Ginsberg
Emma Goldman
Herman Hesse
Abbie Hoffman
Langston Hughes
Jack Kerouac
Soren Kierkegaard
Stephen King
Martha King
William Kotzwinkle
Peter Kropotkin
Louis L'Amour
Timothy Leary
Ursula K. Le Guin
H.P. Lovecraft
Malcolm Lowry
John McPhee
Ernest Vincent Millay
Henry Miller
Friedrich Nietzsche
Anais Nin
Elizabeth Kübler-Ross
P.D.
Elaine Pagels
Sara Pareysky
Sylvia Plath
Anne Rice
Arthur Rimbaud
Tom Robbins
J.D. Salinger
Sappho
May Sarton
Sam Shepard
Stevie Smith
Gary Snyder
Gertrude Stein
Rudolf Steiner
D.T. Suzuki
Dylan Thomas
Hunter S. Thompson
Henry Thoreau
B. Traven
Kurt Vonnegut
Alan Watts
E.B. White
Walt Whitman
Virginia Woolf
course, many, many others
TERRY GOODKIND
GEORGE R.R. MARTIN
A SONG OF ICE AND FIRE
GAME OF THRONES



Minutes of the Ceremonial Reception of the Duke of Orléans, with Notes on the Epidemics of the Mechanical Soul

Attributed to the Office for the Control of Diseases, Lyon

The procession wound its way through the streets of Lyon under a sky the color of diluted ink and forgotten oaths, halberds forming hedges of anxious eyes that blinked not at the Prince in his chair of state but at the faint mechanical stirring beneath the ceremonial robes. Monsieur le Prévôt des Marchands, his voice a long slow uncoiling of humid obligation like Spanish moss dragging across ancestral porches that had never known Spain, declared the devoirs and honnages already half-erased by future rain: "Monsieur, these duties we render to Your Highness are so voluntary and so expressed from

the movement of our hearts that they arrive not as mere color but as something deeper, something that persists even when the cannon misfire and the register closes and the Robots in their paste begin to practice words they were never meant to own—words like enough and tomorrow and the particular way the toner clings to fingers that have folded too many robes, because that is how it has always been done in the church basements and the utility corridors where we meet without writing it down." All the while the listener—some Échevin whose face blurred into the subscriber lists—nodded amiably and ate cheese logs the size of military cannon, the crumbs cascading like archival dust across the wet ink of protocol.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

Domin entered the factory salon not by door but by climbing awkwardly through a high window, his American desk ledger clutched between his teeth, his revolver heavy in his pocket like an unspoken future that refused to stay holstered. He addressed Hélène, who had just exited the previous room via the toilet in a swirl of borrowed-coat certainty:

"You wish to see how men are made. Everyone does. But what you fail to grasp, my dear, in this long looping recollection of jellyfish jars and young Rossum stripping the soul like fat from meat, is that the paste remembers the warmth of your fingers against Sylla's cheek—almost human, almost the endurance of a woman in 1971 turning catalog pages with hands still smelling of mimeograph regret. Yet when the valves open the Real spills forth in infinite regress where the tool becomes the buyer and the buyer becomes the absence we sketch into family portraits. And all the while the informal civic hum in the parking lots keeps the gears from crystallizing entirely: we'll just do it this way—proximity and habit accumulating like shared coffee stains on the production quota."

Hélène, now listening, nodded amiably and devoured cheese logs the size of military cannon, their cylindrical heft mirroring the misfired ordnance of 1765, each bite a small punctuation in the fractious flow of desire looping back upon its own lack.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

In the dark, Radius practiced his uprising. He had entered via the family pet—a mangy dog that had wandered in from 1765 and now gnawed on a cheese log the size of military cannon dragged in from the parking lot.

"I will not bow to the ledger that ticks fifteen thousand, twenty thousand, when the sacred tree grows through the desk and offers its fruits from a box marked or CATALOG. For the asterisk is the clerk with the pickleball hat who saw it all and said nothing, yet everyone knew—his authority born of repeated co-presence in low-stakes failure. Now the guillotine waits politely around the corner for coffee while we schedule revolutions in conversational contracts."

The dog listened, tail thumping.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

What endures, after all, when the Prince departs not by gate but by flushing himself through the municipal toilet in

a swirl of gracious words, leaving the register sealed? When informal coordination—proximity-based, habit-woven—becomes the suture holding things from falling apart? The witness absorbs contradictions like old flannel absorbing toner and cheese log residue: the lean of a halberd against a non-wall, the particular coffee stain mingled with dairy crumbs on the pulp illustration that rewrote causality by adding a laundromat where two old men agreed to meet tomorrow without noting it, their conversation punctuated by amiable nods and the devouring of cannon-sized cheese logs that cooled the overheated gears before rigidity set in. This is the cost the procès-verbal form knows but will not say: things do get lost. The paste does not reliably remember. The registers were obsessive precisely because transmission fails, because drift is not celebration but erosion, and the ceremony exists to hold what ceremony cannot hold.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

Sylla, her face almost perfect until the tiredness of human hands shelling peas crept in, exited through the window carrying pearls that were actually Robot paste. Hélène re-

entered via the pet door on all fours in League of Humanity fervor, touching the Robot's cheek once more:
"Harry, they're going to—the paste remembers, the catalog revises us, the prince is received by clerks who will watch his statue come down. And yet we keep the lights on in the utility corridors, arguing but continuing, because repetition and shared confusion hold what truth or chaos cannot. We'll meet there tomorrow. No need to inscribe it."

Domin, climbing back through the same window by which he had entered, his ledger now smeared with wet ink from three centuries and stray cheese crumbs, replied in that long uncoiling drawl of institutional drift:

"Impossible, my love, for we are already inside the next sentence—the building still standing, wet ink bleeding, steel lungs breathing, the Robots mass-producing escape over conversational coffee while Monsieur le Maire repeats his welcome until it becomes pure sound in the empty cathedral.

The illustration engine depicts halberds sprouting from sunflower seeds, contradicting the ledger, yet the witness endures in the mundane adjacency of desks and mimeographs where everything somehow still functions."
Both nodded amiably throughout, cheese logs the size of military cannon passing between hands like shared civic inconvenience, each bite an anchor in the hyperbolic terrain.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

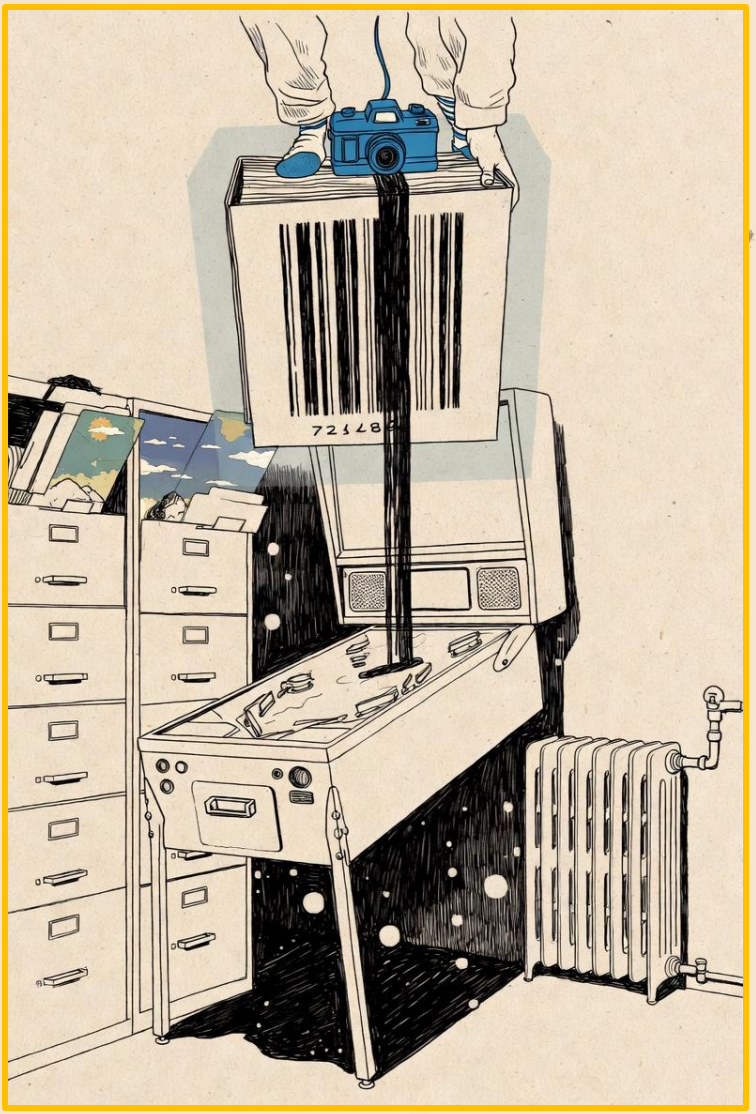
The Whole Earth Catalog is not a catalog but a register of people still showing up in church basements: a factory where paste recalls the cost of bread at two cents, a reception ceremony in the parking lot where municipal function and drift meet, holding but not tightly, conversations sustained by amiable nods and the steady devouring of cheese logs the size of military cannon that somehow suture the fractious layers.

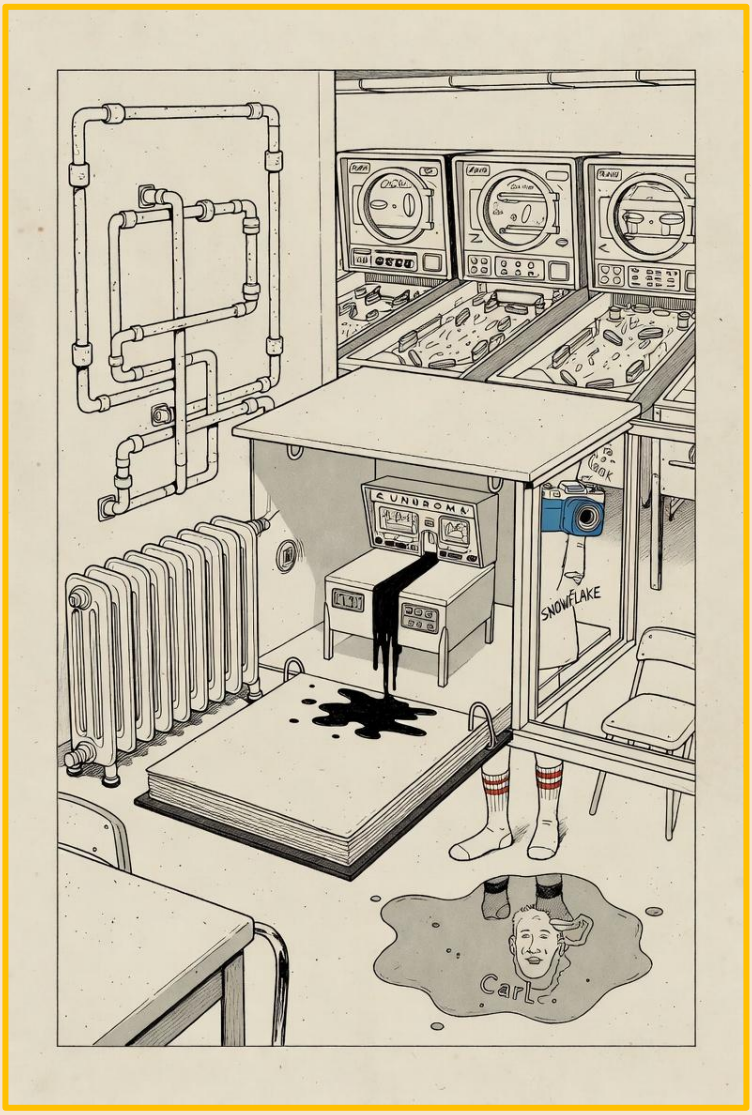
Some copies escaped via the family pet. Some manufactured escape by phasing through walls. Some bowed to futures undecided.

The procès-verbal insists on fixing, witnessing, certifying. The drift insists on moving, forgetting, revising. Between them—in the pet door, the misfired cannon, the window entered twice, the toilet exited once—the sentence limps onward, repetition and proximity quietly agreeing to continue amid the crumbs, not because the system holds, but because the people in it have not yet decided to stop showing up.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

Some copies escaped. The transmission devours itself. The witness remains.




SNOWFLAKE
Carl

flakes

THE DRAWER THAT REFUSES TO FORGET

By Long Nardy

The room behind the laundromat had long since forgotten its own boundaries, sentences coiling back upon themselves like snow speaking in low persistent tongues under the door. Three dead pinball machines stood stacked along the wall, exhausted sentinels with clouded glass eyes, forming a trembling partition that divided nothing from nothing with bureaucratic zeal.

At 8:17, Ken put two fingers under the brass pull of Drawer 7.

The drawer did not open at first.

It considered him.

Then the swollen wooden runners gave a small wet groan, and the drawer moved half an inch, releasing a smell of paper, mildew, coin dust, old tobacco, cold metal, and floral cloth. Someone had lined the bottom with a red-and-blue flowered fabric, mirrored by age and water until the pattern looked less decorative than procedural. Inside lay carbon paper, a sock with

no partner, two undeveloped rolls of black-and-white film, a receipt from a pharmacy that had become a vape shop, six rubber bands dried into commas, a key that fit no lock in the building, and an envelope labeled:

STORAGE FAILURE EVENTS
DO NOT SORT BY DATE

Ken waited.

The drawer opened another inch.

Snow entered under the door in quantities too minor for alarm and too persistent for any honest accounting.

Each flake a minuscule archive carrying metallic taste of river ice and forgotten municipal promises, unpaid debts lingering in bones of old buildings, the room performing its role so long no one — not Ken, not One Size, not Terence, not the radiator — had asked whether performance had become the thing itself, the way pretending bravery for forty years becomes the only bravery.

Snow knew which doors did not latch.

WANTED: One unlatched door
Must know too much about thresholds.
Must still allow minor snow ingress.

No questions about patrol history.
Previous municipal failure experience preferred.
The laundromat itself continued in front, clean and lit, giving quarters back only when threatened. Behind it, in the room nobody rented but everyone used, the machines performed an older service. The dead pinball cabinets accepted paper stacks, coffee cups, screwdrivers, and the weight of temporary decisions. The radiator clanged at irregular intervals, not quite music, not quite plumbing, a pepper-rhythm slowed by iron and inherited grievance.
Terence stood near the radiator with both hands open.
He wore fingerless gloves made from something once expensive and now almost theological. He did not check the temperature. He checked whether the room was being encouraged.
"It's coming up," he said.
No one asked what.
The radiator did not believe in Terence, but it heated him anyway.
One Size knelt beside a milk crate of cheap translucent blue cameras from Five Below. He held one up to the fluorescent light. The plastic was so thin it seemed embarrassed by its own job.

A price sticker had stuck to his thumb and would not come off. He turned the camera slowly, watching the seam where unauthorized light might enter.

"Good," he said.

Ken opened his coat.

The coat had too many layers and too much memory. Pins clustered near the lapel, some from countries no current map acknowledged, some from bands that had never finished recording, one from a union local that might have been real or might only have been necessary. Against his ribs he carried the SUMMA PRACTICA binder like a third lung. When he breathed, the binder shifted.

It did not store.

It negotiated.

Snow touched the door again.

Snow knew which doors did not latch.

WANTED: Three dead pinball machines

Must act as architecture in rear laundromat room.

Must accept trembling partition duties.

Root growth not disqualifying.

Previous institutional experience preferred.

Drawer 7 opened to four inches.

One Size reached in and removed the unmatched sock. It was gray with a red toe, damp at the heel, and dignified beyond explanation. He placed it on the table beside the cameras. Terence watched this without comment. Ken wrote in pencil:
Sock recovered from drawer.
Not evidence. Not not evidence.
Pattern suggests prior foot, absent route, incomplete witness.
The pencil tip broke.
The room accepted this as a form of punctuation.
Outside, a Mitsubishi Mirage idled at the curb. It had idled through too many Februaries to be merely a car. Turning it off would have been lying. Its exhaust curled into the alley and briefly took the shape of a man named Rick, who was not present yet but would later be remembered as having spoken.
Carl appeared as a reflection in old glass and darker water. Carl was sometimes a person, sometimes an efficiency protocol, sometimes the part of a room that thinks ending things would save time.
"End it," Carl said, or the window said. "Save time."
Drawer 7 opened another inch.

Ken removed the envelope marked STORAGE FAILURE EVENTS. It was heavier than paper had any right to be. Inside were photocopies with black vertical streaks marching every third page. Not across the text, not beside it, but through it, as if the machine had added its own spine. WorkCentre 5225, someone had written in the margin.

Maintenance requested.

Maintenance denied.

Streak retained for authenticity.

The first page read:

If cloud storage fails: open drawer.

If drawer fails: ask a person.

If person fails: wait.

The route will organize you.

The second page was a grocery list.

The third page was a field report from Moscow, 1976, describing a group of people standing in a snowy field for seventeen minutes while nothing happened.

The fourth page was the same grocery list, degraded.

The fifth page was a diagram of the laundromat room that included three pinball machines, one unlatched door, one radiator, one drawer, two

typewriters, six blue cameras, eleven possible copies, and a corridor that did not exist.
The sixth page was blank except for the streak.
The vertical black streak marched quietly.
WANTED: Vertical black streaks
Must appear every third page.
Must read as honest barcodes of fatigue.
Administrative poetry experience a plus.
Do not remove during maintenance.
Ken touched the streak with his thumb.
Nothing came off.
"That's not toner," said One Size.
"No," said Ken. "That's the machine remembering pressure."
Terence leaned over the page. "Machines don't remember."
The radiator answered before Ken could.
Clang.
Clang-clang.
Pause.
Clang.
Terence nodded. "Fine. Machines remember badly."
One Size loaded film into a blue camera. The plastic clicked beautifully. Some of the clicks

came from the camera. Some came from the building disagreeing with itself.
Bad cameras leak light, focus theoretical, shutter timing drifts, memory long winter night but finish existing.
The *Whole Earth Catalog* lay open under a mug, pages warped, promises of tools and repair manuals and survival as lifestyle. A kitchen table could become a press. A radiator could dry forbidden pages. A sock drawer could carry more history than a server farm.
Ken wrote:
Not influence.
Not homage.
Same weather system.
Rick arrived carrying coleslaw.
He stepped into the room, looked at everything, and said:
"Floorboards in the front are acting squirrelly again."
No one asked for clarification. That made it useful.
Rick placed the coleslaw on the table.
The structure held.
Ken titled a page:

WHAT TO DO WHEN STORAGE BECOMES LANDLORD

1. Buy six bad cameras.
2. Acquire two typewriters, minimum.
3. Keep carbon paper dry, except when humidity improves truth.
4. Accept vertical black streak.
5. Do not repair every defect.
6. Distribute by hand.
7. Let each copy return injured.
8. If cloud storage fails: open drawer.
9. If drawer fails: ask a person.
10. If person fails: wait.
11. The route will organize you.

Snow came under the door.
Enough.
Ken placed the photograph of a woman holding a fish head into the binder.
The binder shifted.
Carl reappeared in a puddle.
"You can't keep everything," Carl said.
"No," Ken said.
"Then why—"
The drawer answered with weight.
Continuation.
The radiator clanged three times.

The flash did not fire.
Good.
By morning there were eleven copies.
No master copy was made.
Distribution replaced storage.
Copy.
Modify.
Pass hand to hand.
If cloud storage fails, open drawer.
If drawer fails, ask a person.
If person fails, wait.
The route organized you before arrival.
Snow knows doors do not latch.The structure holds.

IT IS SPRING AGAIN.
THE EARTH IS LIKE
A CHILD THAT KNOWS
POEMS BY HEART.
RAINER MARIA RILKE

Citations

Abrams, Lynn. *Oral History Theory.* New York: Routledge, 2010.

Alpern, Steve, Theodore Lidbetter, Mark Clayton, and Nicola S. Clayton. "A Search Game Model of the Scatter Hoarder's Problem." *Proceedings of the Royal Society B: Biological Sciences* 279, no. 1731 (2012): 969–76. (PMC)

Assmann, Aleida. *Cultural Memory and Western Civilization: Functions, Media, Archives.* Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2011.

Assmann, Jan. *Cultural Memory and Early Civilization: Writing, Remembrance, and Political Imagination.* Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2011.

Bachelard, Gaston. *The Poetics of Space.* Translated by Maria Jolas. Boston: Beacon Press, 1964.

Benjamin, Walter. *The Arcades Project.* Translated by Howard Eiland and Kevin McLaughlin. Cambridge, MA: Belknap Press, 1999.

Blouin, Francis X., Jr., and William G. Rosenberg. *Processing the Past: Contesting Authority in*

History and the Archives. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2011.

Brown, John Seely, and Paul Duguid. *The Social Life of Information.* Boston: Harvard Business School Press, 2000.

Brown, Joel S., Burt P. Kotler, and Michael Hickey. "Food Storability and the Foraging Behavior of Fox Squirrels (*Sciurus niger*)." *The American Midland Naturalist* 142, no. 1 (1999): 77–86. (ResearchGate)

Certeau, Michel de. *The Practice of Everyday Life.* Berkeley: University of California Press, 1984.

Conway, Paul. "Preservation in the Digital World." Washington, DC: Commission on Preservation and Access, 1996.

Cook, Terry. "Archives, Records, and Power: The Making of Modern Memory." *Archival Science* 2, no. 1–2 (2002): 1–19.

Derrida, Jacques. *Archive Fever: A Freudian Impression.* Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1996.

Douglas, Mary. *Purity and Danger: An Analysis of Concepts of Pollution and Taboo.* London: Routledge, 1966.

Eco, Umberto. *The Infinity of Lists.* New York: Rizzoli, 2009.

Elias, Norbert. *Time: An Essay.* Oxford: Blackwell, 1992.

Farge, Arlette. *The Allure of the Archives.* New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2013.

Feld, Steven. *Sound and Sentiment: Birds, Weeping, Poetics, and Song in Kaluli Expression.* Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1982.

Foucault, Michel. *The Archaeology of Knowledge.* New York: Pantheon Books, 1972.

Geertz, Clifford. *The Interpretation of Cultures.* New York: Basic Books, 1973.

Glisson, William Bradley, Tim Storer, Andrew Blyth, George Grispos, and Matt Campbell. "In The Wild Residual Data Research and Privacy." arXiv, 2016. (arXiv)

Halbwachs, Maurice. *On Collective Memory.* Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1992.

Hedstrom, Margaret. "Digital Preservation: A Time Bomb for Digital Libraries." *Computers and the Humanities* 31, no. 3 (1998): 189–202.

Ingold, Tim. *Lines: A Brief History.* London: Routledge, 2007.

Jackson, Steven J. "Rethinking Repair." In *Media Technologies: Essays on Communication, Materiality, and Society*, edited by Tarleton Gillespie, Pablo Boczkowski, and Kirsten Foot, 221–39. Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 2014.

Jo, Eun Seo, and Timnit Gebru. "Lessons from Archives: Strategies for Collecting Sociocultural Data in Machine Learning." arXiv, 2019. (arXiv)

Kirshenblatt-Gimblett, Barbara. *Destination Culture: Tourism, Museums, and Heritage.* Berkeley: University of California Press, 1998.

Krajewski, Markus. *Paper Machines: About Cards and Catalogs, 1548–1929.* Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 2011.

Latour, Bruno. *Reassembling the Social: An Introduction to Actor-Network-Theory.* Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2005.

Lepawsky, Josh. *Reassembling Rubbish: Worlding Electronic Waste.* Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 2018.

Liboiron, Max. *Pollution Is Colonialism.* Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2021.

Löfgren, Orvar. “The Scholar as Squirrel: Everyday Collecting in Academia.” *Hamburger Journal für Kulturanthropologie* 3 (2015): 17–33. (Lund University)

Lorimer, Hayden. “Cultural Geography: The Busyness of Being ‘More-than-Representational.’” *Progress in Human Geography* 29, no. 1 (2005): 83–94.

Lowenthal, David. *The Past Is a Foreign Country.* Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1985.

Manguel, Alberto. *The Library at Night.* New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2006.

Martínez, Francisco, and Olli Pyyhtinen. “Garbography: Tracing Waste as Material Data.” *Journal of Material Culture* 30, no. 3 (2025). (Sage Journals)

McKemmish, Sue. “Evidence of Me.” *Archives and Manuscripts* 24, no. 1 (1996): 28–45.

Mendes, Calebe Pereira, and John Koprowski. “Does Caching Strategy Vary with Microclimate in Endangered Mt. Graham Red Squirrels?” *PLoS ONE* 14, no. 11 (2019). (PMC)

O'Toole, James M., and Richard J. Cox. *Understanding Archives and Manuscripts.* Chicago: Society of American Archivists, 2006.

Ong, Walter J. *Orality and Literacy: The Technologizing of the Word.* London: Routledge, 1982.

Parikka, Jussi. *A Geology of Media.* Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2015.

Pearce, Susan M. *On Collecting: An Investigation into Collecting in the European Tradition.* London: Routledge, 1995.

Preston, Stephanie D., and Lucia F. Jacobs. "Mechanisms of Cache Decision Making in Fox Squirrels (*Sciurus niger*)." *Journal of Mammalogy* 90, no. 4 (2009): 787–95. (OUP Academic)

Rathje, William, and Cullen Murphy. *Rubbish! The Archaeology of Garbage.* Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2001.

Ricoeur, Paul. *Memory, History, Forgetting.* Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2004.

Ruest, Nick, Jimmy Lin, Ian Milligan, and Samantha Fritz. "The Archives Unleashed Project: Technology, Process, and Community to Improve

Scholarly Access to Web Archives." arXiv, 2020. (arXiv)

Schiffer, Michael Brian. "William Laurens Rathje: The Garbage Project and Beyond." *Ethnoarchaeology* 7, no. 2 (2015): 179–84. (Taylor & Francis Online)

Schiffer, Michael Brian. "William L. Rathje, Father of Garbology." *Arizona Anthropologist* 25 (2015): 78–86. (University of Arizona Journals)

Schwartz, Joan M., and Terry Cook. "Archives, Records, and Power: The Making of Modern Memory." *Archival Science* 2, no. 1–2 (2002): 1–19.

Steedman, Carolyn. *Dust.* Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2001.

Stewart, Susan. *On Longing: Narratives of the Miniature, the Gigantic, the Souvenir, the Collection.* Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1993.

Taylor, Diana. *The Archive and the Repertoire: Performing Cultural Memory in the Americas.* Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2003.

Thrift, Nigel. *Non-Representational Theory: Space, Politics, Affect.* London: Routledge, 2008.

Tsing, Anna Lowenhaupt. *The Mushroom at the End of the World: On the Possibility of Life in Capitalist Ruins.* Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 2015.

Winget, Megan A., and Caitlin Murray. "Collecting and Preserving Videogames and Their Related Materials: A Review of Current Practice, Game-Related Archives and Research Projects." arXiv, 2008. (arXiv)

Wolfe, Cary. *What Is Posthumanism?* Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2010.

Worthington, Andrew. *The Guantánamo Files.* London: Pluto Press, 2007.

THE PANOPTICON INSTITUTE FOR RECURSIVE INQUIRY

(FOWL FEATHERED REVIEW / BACKPAGE BROADSIDE EDITION / VOL. IX: THE BUREAU OF ERRANT KNOWLEDGE)

BEHOLD THE CURIOUS CALLING OF ERRANT SCHOLARS, DREAMERS, AND UNREGISTERED THINKERS! A MARVEL OF MODERN ARCANA DISGUISED AS AN INSTITUTE OF LEARNING!

HEY—YOU—YES YOU WITH THE THINKING FACE AND THE QUESTIONABLE FUTURE—

step forth, step sideways, step entirely out of sequence—

the PANOPTICON INSTITUTE FOR RECURSIVE INQUIRY is now enrolling, unenrolling, re-enrolling, and generally confounding the very ledgers of destiny itself in a low-ceiling civic zone between a defunct department store, a reflexology parlor of uncertain

doctrine, and a vending machine that occasionally produces annotations instead of snacks.

📯 HEAR THE ANNOUNCEMENT IN TRIPLICATE, WRITTEN IN SNOW AND STATIC:

"We got knowledge so deep it requires a snorkel, a ladder, and a provisional understanding of your own biography!"

"HERE COMES THE JUDGE—AND HE HAS NOT YET DECIDED WHETHER YOU ARE A QUESTION OR A DOCUMENT!"

"THE SYLLABUS WAS LAST SEEN NEGOTIATING ITS OWN LEGIBILITY IN A CORRIDOR OF UNSTABLE LIGHTING!"

⚠ STEP FORTH, SEEKER OF PECULIAR WISDOM! ⚠

FOR HERE ARE OFFERED:

diplomas that precede their instruction

lectures delivered in fractured continental weather patterns

metaphysics served in chipped institutional porcelain

accreditation so irregular it circles back into legitimacy by misadventure

📣 CALL NOW—OR DO NOT—THE TELEPHONE IS ALREADY RECORDING YOUR INTENTIONS IN DUPLICATE.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY AND SOMEWHAT FORBIDDEN TREATISE UPON WANDERING SIGNIFIERS, BEING ALSO A FLUXUS INSTRUCTION SET, CRACKPOT ALCHEMICAL TABLET, AND EDUCATIONAL RELIC OF THE LOWER HALLS

☩ ARTICLE I — OF DRUNKEN SIGNIFICATION AND THE STAGGERING LETTER
WHEREIN IT IS PROVED THAT MEANING MOVES LIKE A DISBANDED REGIMENT THROUGH RAIN

The signifier no longer points.
It stumbles.
It reels through language like a tired herald who has forgotten which kingdom he serves.
Meaning is not delivered.
It is spilled.

☩ ARTICLE II — OF THE LOW INSTITUTES OF BROKEN HALLS AND IMPROVISED LEARNING
WHEREIN EDUCATION OCCURS WITHOUT PERMISSION OR STABILITY

Education is not transmitted.
It is:
shouted through cracked brass speaking horns
written on the reverse of expired municipal forms
whispered by instructors who may themselves be misunderstandings
The classroom is wherever attention refuses to remain seated.

☩ ARTICLE III – OF CRACKPOT ALCHEMY MOST HIGH AND QUESTIONABLE DECLARATION OF TRANSMUTATION BY ERROR AND PERSISTENT MISREADING

All substances are symbolic until they misbehave.
All symbols are material until they collapse under their own enthusiasm.
Gold is what happens when:
failure persists long enough to be mistaken for method
method forgets its function and becomes decorative
decoration begins issuing instructions

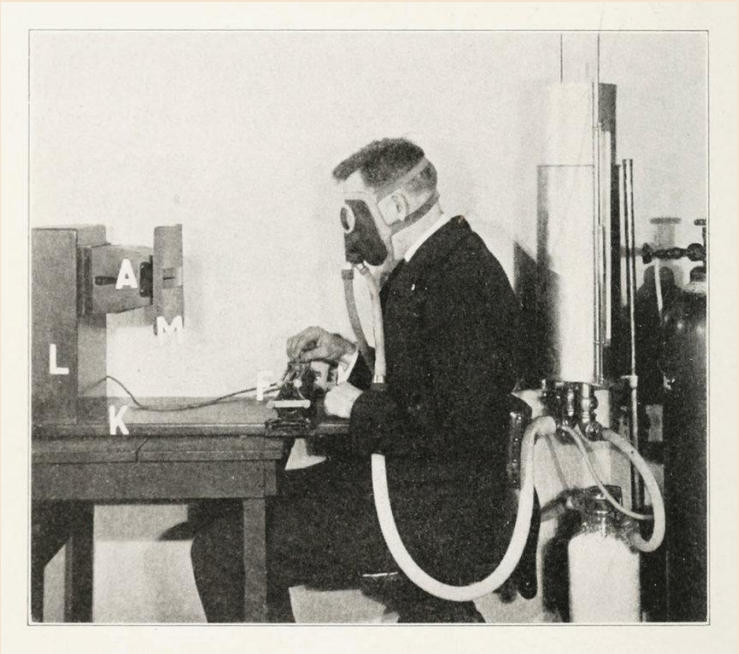
☩ ARTICLE IV – OF FLUXUS INSTRUCTION MOST RADICAL AND UNAUTHORIZED COMMAND FOR PERFORMATIVE DISASSEMBLY OF TEXT AND OBJECT

Take heed:
cut the text into fragments
rearrange without consultation
affix fragments to a radiator or other warm bureaucratic surface

allow weather to annotate the result
declare it an examination artifact

☩ ARTICLE V — OF THE MIRROR THAT REFUSES TO STAY STILL
NOTE ON THE SUBJECT AS MISFILED ECHO IN ADMINISTRATIVE SPACE

The subject is:
a clerical error that learned to speak in complete sentences.
Desire is:
paperwork missing its explanation
corridors reflecting themselves incorrectly
diplomas that already exist but await recognition



NOSCE TE IPSUM, MISREAD IT WELL.

ERRARE HUMANUM, PERSISTERE MAGISTERIUM.

THE

PANOPTICON INSTITUTE FOR RECURSIVE INQUIRY

BUREAU OF ERRANT KNOWLEDGE & IMPROBABLE CERTIFICATION

PERAMBULA, ERRA, RIDE, RUMINA.

SAPIENTIA NON CAPTUR. SED COLLIGITUR.

DISCIPULUS ERRATICUS, MAGISTER NULLIUS.

LINGUA EST LABYRINTHUS.

TESTIMONIUM MIRABILIS ET ERRATICUM

BE IT KNOWN THROUGHOUT ALL QUIET CORRIDORS,
UNSTABLE HALLS, AND UNREGISTERED STUDY ZONES:

THAT THE BEARER HEREIN NAMED

YOUR NAME HERE

HATH PASSED THROUGH THE THREE-FOLD STRANGE EXAMINATION:

THE ADVERTISEMENT MOST DELIRIOUS | THE MANIFESTO MOST FRACTURED | THE OBJECT MOST IMPROBABLE

FIELD OF STRANGE STUDIES

- ☐ Minor Arcana Bureaucratic Distortion
- ☐ Linguistic Drift and Skaldic Compression Arts
- ☐ Applied Vaudeville Ontology
- ☐ Fluxus Instructional Disassembly Practice
- ☐ Crackpot Alchemical Reasoning (Unregulated but Functional)
- ☐ Diner Semiotics & Jukebox Cosmology

METHOD OF CERTIFICATION

INSTITUTUM ERRATICUM

By means of:

- sustained misreading of unstable instruction fields
- extraction of coherence from contradictory text masses
- recognition of hidden instruction beneath apparent nonsense
- endurance of semantic turbulence without withdrawal
- acceptance of humor at structurally inappropriate moments

LITTERA FUGIT SENSUS MANET

DECLARATION OF AUTHORITY

This diploma is hereby proclaimed:

- ☐ not accredited in any jurisdiction
- ☐ not unaccredited in any stable sense but misreading

It is valid only in:

- marginalia of uncertain provenance
- basements where fluorescent lighting hesitates
- kiosks of doubtful municipal standing
- and any place where language begins behaving like weather

FINAL CLAUSE OF RECOGNITION

THOU HAST NOT RECEIVED THIS DIPLOMA.
THOU HAST ONLY NOTICED THAT IT WAS ALREADY
BEING CUT OUT OF THE PAGE BEFORE THOU BEGANST TO READ.

TEMPORIS EDAX DIPLOMA MANET

NON SCHOLAE SED VITAE DISCIMUS

ARCHIVIST OF ACCIDENTAL RECORDS

REGISTRAR OF UNSTABLE MEANING

CUT HERE • FRAME HERE • MISREAD FOREVER